

## Alex Barr

### Daffodil Ride

Today is your first birthday in heaven.  
On earth you would be ninety. This afternoon I rode  
from Middle Mill to Whitchurch—hard, uphill—  
then passed the abandoned airfield, empty  
of the Eisteddfod, empty of lovely August.  
The sky was colourless, and nothing moved until  
innumerable starlings like a wave  
swirled and shimmered down to sanctify  
the sad fields with life.

At the Cathedral, passing the Deanery,  
I remembered how I pushed your wheelchair  
up the steep tarmac path. The precious weight of you  
not to be spilled. Spilled now. And the daffodils were out  
on the lawn of Bwthyn-y-Twr. And I lit a candle  
and another man lit a candle  
(but neither asked who the other was lighting for)  
and we carried them south passing the shrine  
of Dewi Sant into the other transept  
(the one you and I once lit candles in)  
and the other man placed his on  
the middle tier of the black rack. Not wishing  
to elevate or downgrade you I placed yours  
on the same tier as his.

And there was a book in which one asked for prayers  
for those in pain or trouble. *My friend is dying  
of cancer*, was one. *He will leave two young boys.  
Pray for him*. So I prayed. And realizing you are so filled with love  
you have no need of prayer, I left, and rode away.